A FVNERALL ELEGIE

VPON THE MVCH LAMENTED DEATH

OF THAT MOST REVEREND, PIOUS, AND JUDICIOVS DIVINE

JOHN POLYANDER

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IN THE FAMOVS VNIVERSITIE OF LEYDEN,

And there the 8.th time

MAGNIFICVS RECTOR.

WHat's ſeldome ſeene makes wonder : Then admir'd
His *life* muſt bee, whoſe *Leaſe* ſo late expir'd.
But Death is Common. True; yet ſoe to die
Or live, tranſcends the common deſtinie
Of mortalls : None ſo free from blame or ſin,
That moſt admire hee'd not immortall beene.
And ſo hee is; while neuer-dyinge Fame
Fathe wirde, or wing, or trumpe to ſound his name.
But (ſince wee finde a change in things belowe
Which ſome call Death, and fewe deſire toknowe,
When two deare conſorts part, and muſt remove
Though cloſely knit in euer conſtant love)
Tell mee Great ſoule, what made [redacted] quit the ſeat
Of thy ſoe long abode? Did burning heat
Conſume it? No. Wa'ſt *cold*? That drives all in,
Andwilt thou out? woulde it had warmer been!
The pillars firme, the Fabrick ſtood upright,
Noe prop ſupportinge it; the windowes light,
Noe ſenſeles ſenſe : Thoſe *organs* all in tune,
And thou theyr *Harmonye*, but breathles, ſoone
That muſick ſtopt expires, confuſed noiſe
Succeeds, and mixt with greif's lamenting voice,
Sighs, ſobs & cries, fret the tormented aire
Chok't with complaints of ſadneſſe and deſpaire;
While freinds bewaile a freinde whome none did ſpite
But that unletterd foul-mouth'd Carmelite.
Children a tender Father, and a wife
Her ſelfe in him that was her ſoule and life:
His flock a watchfull Paſtor, wandring youth
A certaine guide; and thou nere-conquerd *Truthe*
A valiant Champion to defend thy right
'Ganiſt hell-ſcortcht Atheiſts which would dimme the light
Of that *God-Sonne* of Heauen. Schollers greive
His death by whome theyr priviledge did live:
And nowe theyr ſun's Eclip'ſt. Flie chearfull light,
Or wrapt in clouds of an infernall night
Hang all the world in black! Some wanton eye
Might Elſe perhaps theyr nakedneſſe eſpie.
Thus all lament, but *Hee* triumphant ſings
Sweet Hallelujahs to the King of Kings.
Much haue wee loſt, but hee much more hathe won,
Wee ſawe the candle, hee beholds the Sun.
Hee's glad, wee ſad; and'tis a common croſſe,
That none doe gaine but by anothers loſſe.

SAMUEL BRUNSELL.